II·F·22

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SIX CANTATAS

For a Voice, with a Through Bass,

two of which are accompanied with a *VIOLIN;*

Compos'd (after the Italian Manner) by

M^r. Daniel Purcell.

none of which were ever before Publish'd.

by the Authors direction, Carefully Engrav'd on Copper Plates by I. Cross.

Printed for J. Cullen *at the Buck without Temple Barr.*

THE PREFACE.

THE Introducing *Italian Opera's* upon the *Engliſh* Stage, has ſo altered the Taſte of this Nation, as to MUSICK, that ſcarce any thing, but what bears ſome Reſemblance of the *Italian* Style and Manner, is received with Favour or heard with Patience.

It muſt be acknowledg'd that thoſe *Opera's* have a great deal of *Beauty* and *Spirit*: That Part of their Compoſitions call'd *Recitative* (to ſuch as have Judgment in Muſick and underſtand their Language) is very affecting: Moſt of their *Airs* alſo are very Skilfully compos'd, and well adapted; But for want of underſtanding their Language, a great deal of their *Beauty* is undiſcovered by US: We ſeem pleas'd, we know not why; the Performance leaves none, or at beſt, but very confus'd Impreſſions on our Minds, and our Satisfaction ceaſes, when the *Curtain* is faln: So the Moſt that we make of it is a tranſient *Amuſement*. *Italy* is confeſs'd to be the proper *Soil* for a true Reliſh, as well as Improvement of ſuch Repreſentations, which (like other Things) by Tranſplanting, loſe much of their Agreeableneſs and Delicacy, the End of *Vocal-Muſick* (the affecting the Paſſions) being wholly loſt to Us.

This is Evident from the Method our *Engliſh* Audience takes of giving Applauſe; their Approbation is ſhown in the wrong Place, and generally runs higheſt upon the ſlighteſt Occaſions: The Theatre ſhall ring with *Encore's* to ſuch Stuff, as an *Engliſh* Maſter would bluſh to own himſelf the Author of; when their moſt Solemn and Pathetick Muſick, and moſt Maſterly Compoſitions ſhall not only paſs by unregarded, but to a great part of the Audience, they ſhall ſeem tedious and tireſome. As well all the Beautiful Paſſages and Incidents of the *Drama*, as moſt of the affecting Touches and Elegancies of the *Muſick* adapted to them, are undiſcern'd, and like a Beautiful Object at too great a Diſtance from the Eye; no diſtinct, or truly pleaſing *Idea's* can be formed from it.

This indeed is a Calamity to be lamented, but hard to be redreſs'd, unleſs the Compoſing Opera's in our *own* Language was promoted, which would very probably anſwer any Encouragement that ſhould be given to ſuch Undertakings.

But I cannot join in Opinion with thoſe who think, that if our *Engliſh Opera*'s were exactly modell'd by the *Italians*, that is, if they were All Muſick, that they would be better receiv'd on that Account. I remember the Reputation of thoſe in *my Brother*'s Time (which were of a different Kind) to have ſubſiſted longer than the *Italian Opera's* have generally done ſince, though the latter have been ſupported by the Excellent Performances of Seignior *Nicolini*, and other Celebrated *Italian* Artiſts, which was wanting in the former.

Were

The PREFACE.

Were the ſame kind of Opera's to be again reviv'd and encouraged, there is no doubt but our Nation would produce Genius's ſuitable to ſuch Undertakings, and we ſhould then be capable of a true Enjoyment of theſe Diverſions, becauſe we ſhould underſtand them better, than as they are now obſcured and darkned by a Language to which we are utterly Strangers.

I am pleas'd with the Remembrance of my Brother's good Succeſſes this way; His Works ſpeak ſo well for themſelves, that they cannot receive any Advantage from any thing offer'd by me in their Behalf, and are themſelves the beſt Anſwer that can be given to the Calumnies of ſome few who call themſelves MASTERS, who will not allow that HE ever compos'd any thing that was tolerable, or had any *true Genius* for MUSICK: This is not only traducing his Memory, but calling in Queſtion the Taſte and Judgment of all thoſe who had any Reliſh for, or Skill in MUSICK in His time; whoſe *Approbation* have been confirm'd by the Impartial Opinions of the beſt Judges in *Europe*, ever ſince.

As to the following *Peices*, tho' they are not of the *Dramatick* kind, yet they are intended as an *Eſſay* towards the Imitation of ſuch Compoſitions, and 'tis hoped they will not fare the worſe for ſpeaking *Engliſh*: My End in it, was only to try an Experiment; and tho' I happen not to ſucceed, either to my own Wiſhes, or other People's Expectations in the Attempt, yet thus far I am convinc'd, that our Nation is capable of Improvement as well in This, as in all other Sciences, were it not for the Humour of promoting Novelties, and diſcouraging our own Country-men, by being too fond of every thing that's *Foreign*, tho' in many Caſes inferior to the Productions of *our own Country*.

If my Endeavours herein ſhall be candidly receiv'd, it may encourage abler Perſons to improve upon the Method I have taken, and by that means we may hope to take ſome Pleaſure in the Labours of *our own Country-men*, to whoſe Judgments theſe Compoſitions are humbly ſubmitted, by

DAN. PURCELL.

Cantata.

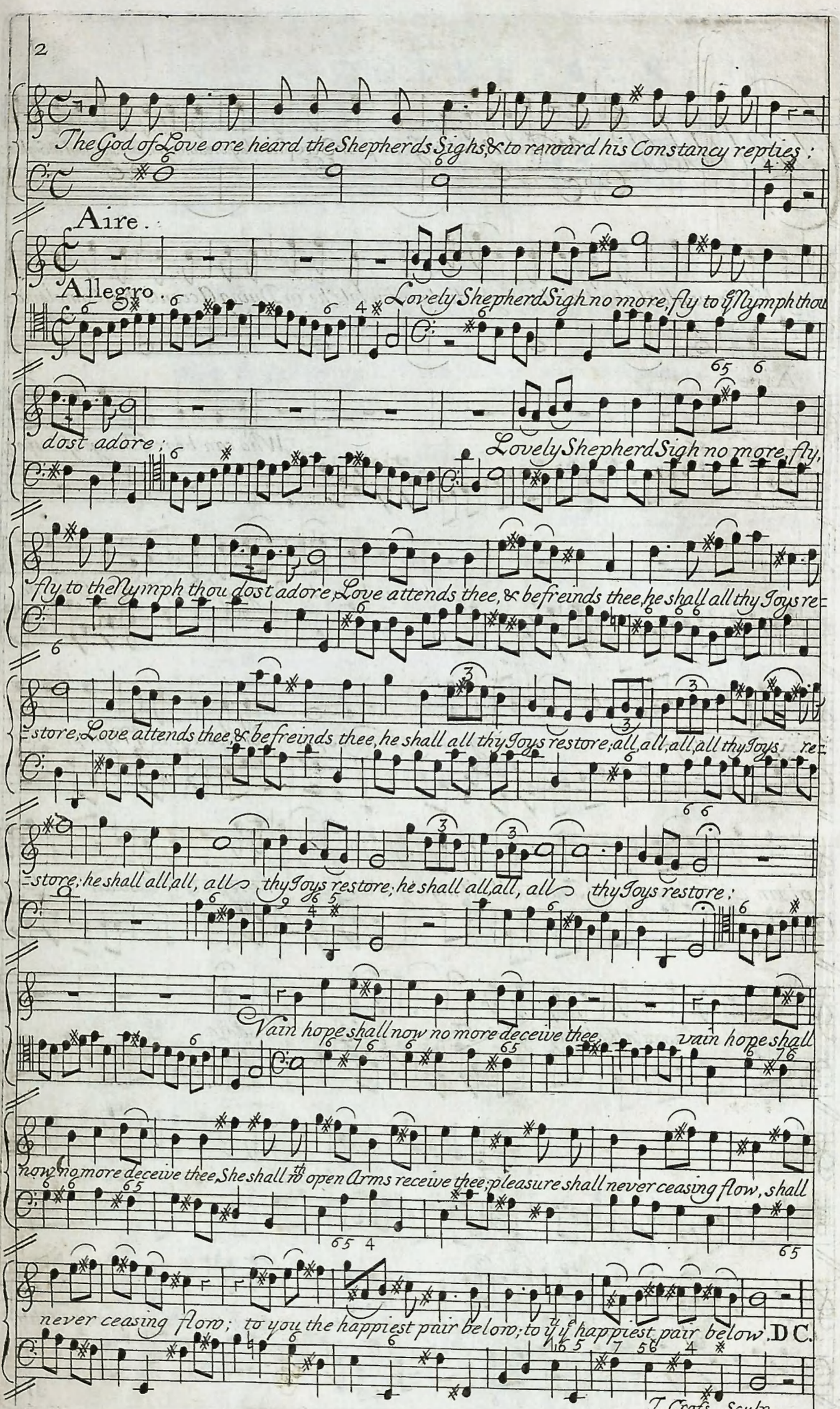
Within a Verdant Grove poor Strephon lay, breathing his Love sick Soul in Sighs a-
-way, his Vows all Slighted all his Sighs disdain'd, while he in Dying Accents thus Complain'd:

Aire.

Adagio.

Who can bear ỹ Pangs of Despair,
who can bear the Pangs of Despair, O Love,
O Love thy La - - - - - - - nguishing Votary Spare; for in vain, to ỹ Nymph I com-
-plain, all my Sighs & my Tears, all, all my Sighs & Tears She rejects wth disdain; all my
Sighs & my Tears, all, all my Sighs & Tears She rejects wth disdain:
For her unpitied must I ever burn, & must the truest
Vows find no return; must ỹ truest Vows find no return: must ỹ truest Vows find no return:

D C


The God of Love ore heard the Shepherds Sighs, & to reward his Constancy replies:
Aire.
Allegro.
Lovely Shepherd Sigh no more, fly to ye Nymph thou
dost adore;
Lovely Shepherd Sigh no more, fly,
fly to the Nymph thou dost adore, Love attends thee, & befreinds thee, he shall all thy Joys re-
-store, Love attends thee, & befreinds thee, he shall all thy Joys restore, all, all, all, all thy Joys re-
-store; he shall all, all, all thy Joys restore; he shall all, all, all thy Joys restore:
Vain hope shall now no more deceive thee, vain hope shall
now no more deceive thee, She shall with open Arms receive thee; pleasure shall never ceasing flow, shall
never ceasing flow; to you the happiest pair below; to ye happiest pair below. D.C.
T. Crofs Sculp.

Cantata

Wild as despair the tim'rous Daphne flew, while am'rous Phœbus

closely did pursue, and w^n he found pursuit was vain, he thus began wth Strains Divine, the Cruell Maid to gain.

Aire

Adagio

Dearest Daphne do not

Fly me, do not thus relentless prove, dearest Daphne do not Fly me, do not

thus relentless prove, do not, do not thus deny me, but reward Apollos Love;

do not, do not thus deny me, but reward, reward Apollos Love;

do not, do not thus deny me, but reward, reward Apollos Love;

when ungrateful Men are Woers, Virgins may maintain y^e Feild, but w^n Gods becomes pur-

=suers, ev'ry Fair shou'd gladly yeild; ev'ry Fair shou'd glad - - - ly yeild: DC

Thus said he rudely Seizd ij trembling Maid, who loudly calld to Heav'n for aid, when strait by pow'r Divine She

grew a Lawrel ever blooming ever new, from whose immortal Trunk these Accents came, ij wondring Gods untimely Love to blame.

Aire

Vivace

Phœbus while you're such a Rover,

Phœbus while you're such a Rover, small success, small success in Love you'l find;

till you're grown a constant Lover, Virgins never, never will be kind; till you're grown a

constant Lover, Virgins never, never will be kind; till you're grown a constant Lover,

Virgins never, never will be kind; Virgins never, never, never will be kind:

Leave this fruitless way of Woing, fickle Courtship is but vain; tho' if all are thus pursueing,

you perhaps may none obtain; you perhaps may none obtain,

D C:

D C:

J. Cross Sculp

Cantata

She whom above my self I prize, does

me above all Men despise; my faithful paſsion is too Great, nothing exceeds it but her hate:

Aire

Adagio

Why was She made so

fair,

why was She made so fair, why

why are her Eyes so bright, they kill me with despair and yet attract my Sight;

why was She made so fair,

why was She made so fair, why, why are her Eyes so

bright

why, why are her Eyes so bright:

Ye Gods must I for ever love, must She for ever cruell prove; must my

torment grief and pain, meet with nothing but disdain:

Aire

Vivace

See there She walks & gayly talks,

see there She walks & gay-ly talks, Roses sweet, bend to meet her

nim - - - ble, nimble feet; Roses sweet, bend to meet, Roses sweet, bend to meet, her nim - - -

piano

- - ble, nimble feet; Roses sweet, bend to meet, her nim - - - ble, nimble feet; her nim - - - ble, nimble feet.

The God of Love around her Temples flies, & wantons in the Glories of her Eyes:

Aire

Charmer turn those Eyes on me,

Charmer turn those Eyes on me, make amends for ỹ disdain;

Either give me Liberty, or forbear to give me pain: Charmer turn those

Eyes on me, make amends for ỹ disdain; - - - - - - - - - - make amends for ỹ disdain

T. Cross Sculp.

Cantata

Whilst on Septimius panting Breast (meaning
nothing less than rest;) Acme lean'd her loving Head, thus the pleas'd Septimius said:

Aire

Adagio.

My dearest Acme
my dearest Acme if I be, once a-
live & Love not thee; with a Passion far above, all that e're was called Love; in a
Lybian desert may, I become some Lions Preay; let him Acme let him tear my Breast
Acme is not there; let him Acme let him tear my Breast when Acme is not there;
let him Acme let him tear my Breast Acme is not there.
Acme inflam'd with love he said, rear'd her gentle bending head, & her Purple mouth with joy, streching to ye delicious boy

Aire

Vivace

My little life, my All said she:

my little life, my All said she; so may we ever Servants be, to the best God, &

ne'er retain, our hated Liberty again: my little life, my All said She, so may we

ever Servants be, to the best God & ne'er retain, our hated Liberty again:

so may we ever Servants be; to the best God & ne'er retain, our hated Liberty again:

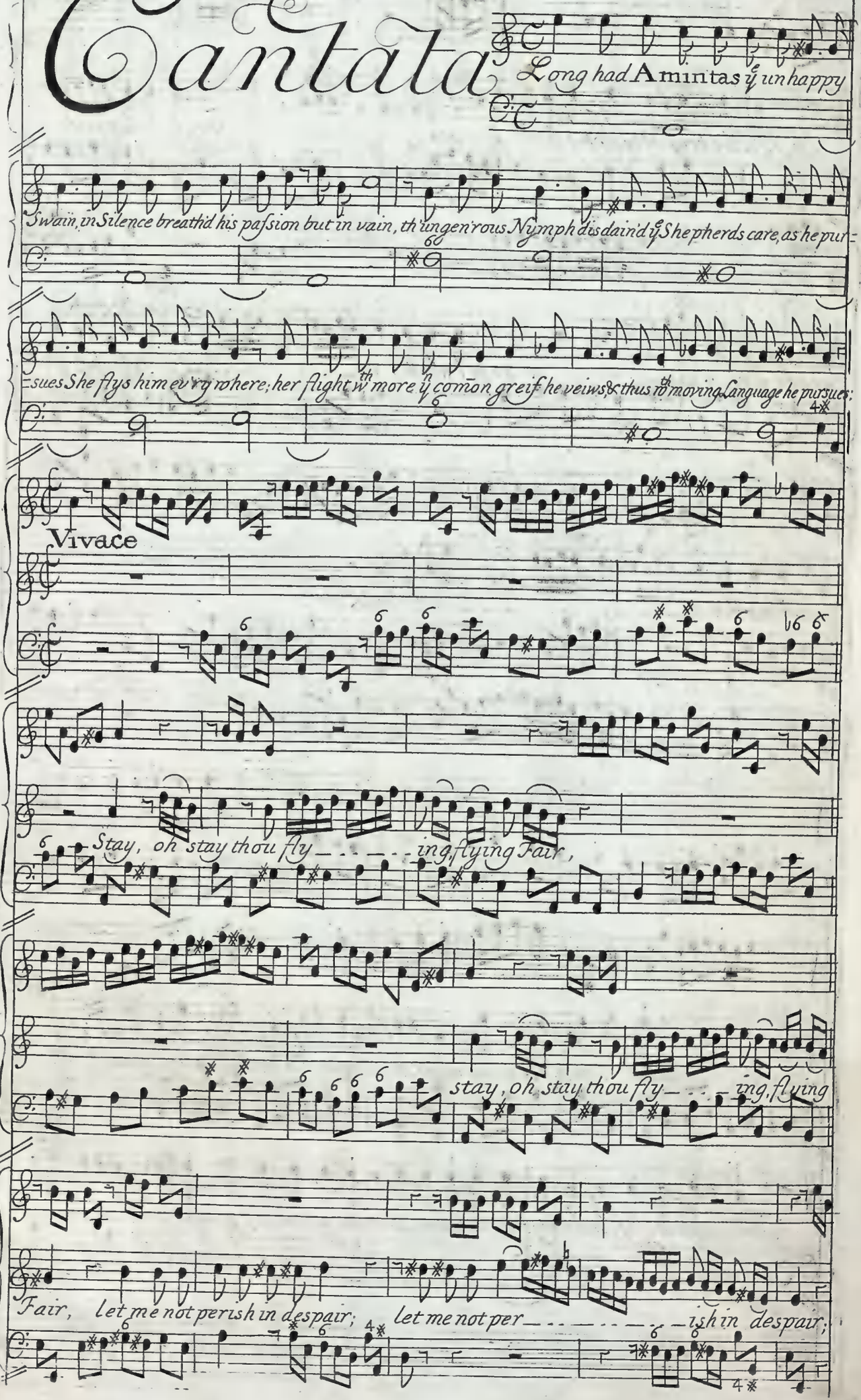
So may thy passion last for me, as

I a pas-sion have for thee; Greater & fiercer much than can be conceiv'd by thee a

Man; Greater & fiercer much than can be conceiv'd by thee a Man, Da Capo.

T. Cross Sculp

Cantata


Long had Amintas ỹ unhappy
Swain, in Silence breath'd his paſsion but in vain, th' ungen'rous Nymph diſdain'd ỹ Shepherds care, as he pur-
-ſues She flys him ev'ry where; her flight wth more ỹ comõn greif he veiws, & thus in moving Language he purſues:
Vivace
Stay, oh stay thou fly - - - - - ing, flying Fair,
stay, oh stay thou fly - - - ing, flying
Fair, let me not perish in deſpair; let me not per - - - - - - - ish in deſpair;

If Love bright Nymph ye cannot give, grant me but pitty, grant me but pitty,

grant me but pitty, grant me but pi - - - - - - - - - - - - - - tty I shall Live;

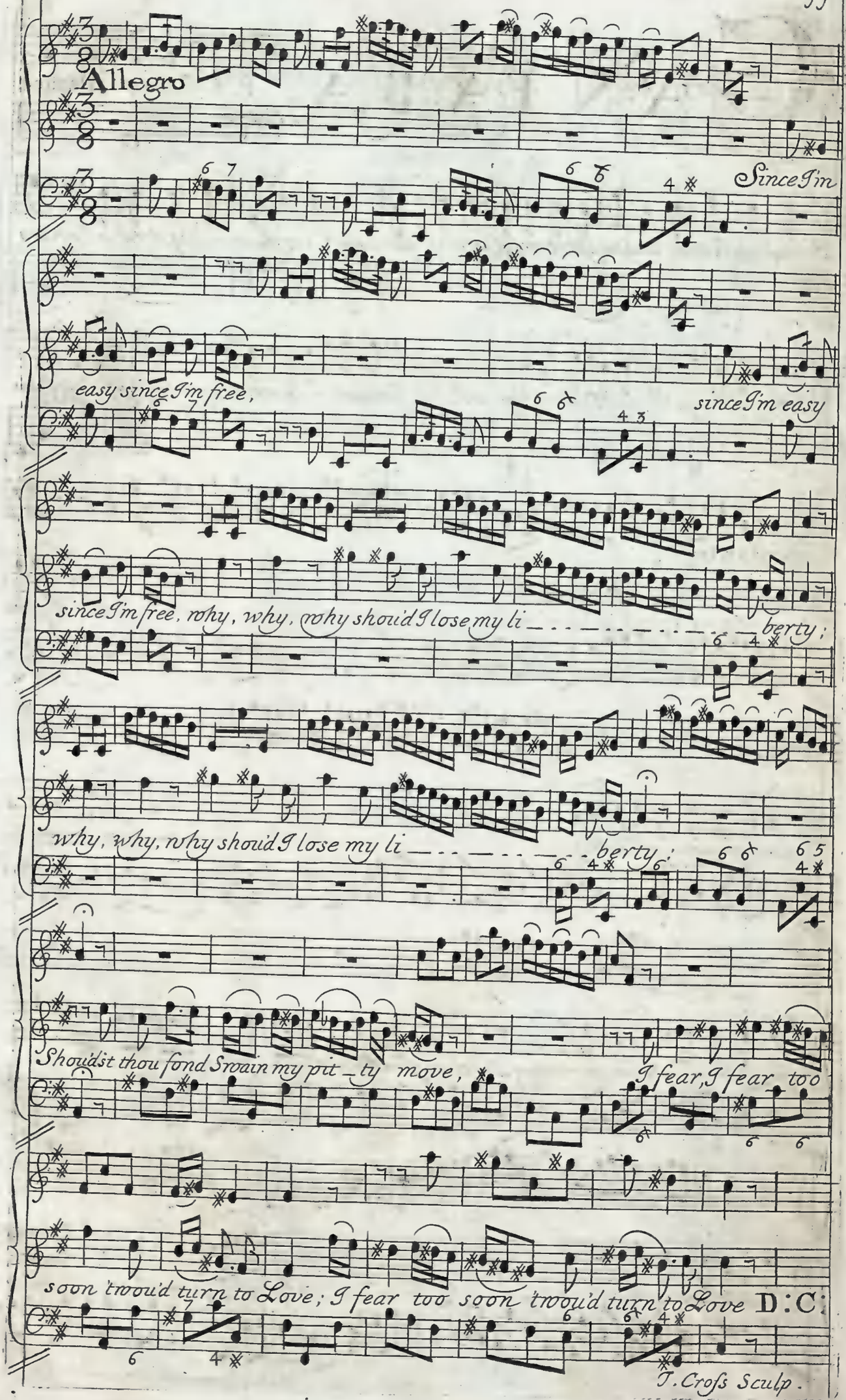
grant me but pi - - - - - - - - - - - - - - tty I shall Live:

Pitty will ease my raging

DC.

Pains, and I'll with pleasure wear thy Chains, I'll with pleasure wear thy Chains:

The Nymph to half consenting Eyes, no longer able to disguise her growing passion thus replies.


Allegro
Since I'm
easy since I'm free,
since I'm easy
since I'm free, why, why, why should I lose my li - - - - - - - - - - berty;
why, why, why should I lose my li - - - - - - - - - - berty;
Should'st thou fond Sroain my pit - ty move,
I fear, I fear too
soon 'twou'd turn to Love; I fear too soon 'twou'd turn to Love D:C:
J. Crofs Sculp.

CANTATA.

The Beauteous Daphne,

Strephon Lov'd too long, too often heard ye Charming Syrens Song; Cupid observing drew a Peircing

dart, & struck at once th'unwary Shepherds Heart; pleasing at first & gentle was ye pain, & in ye sweet Surprize, thus Sung ye Swain.

Andante.

Can Musick,

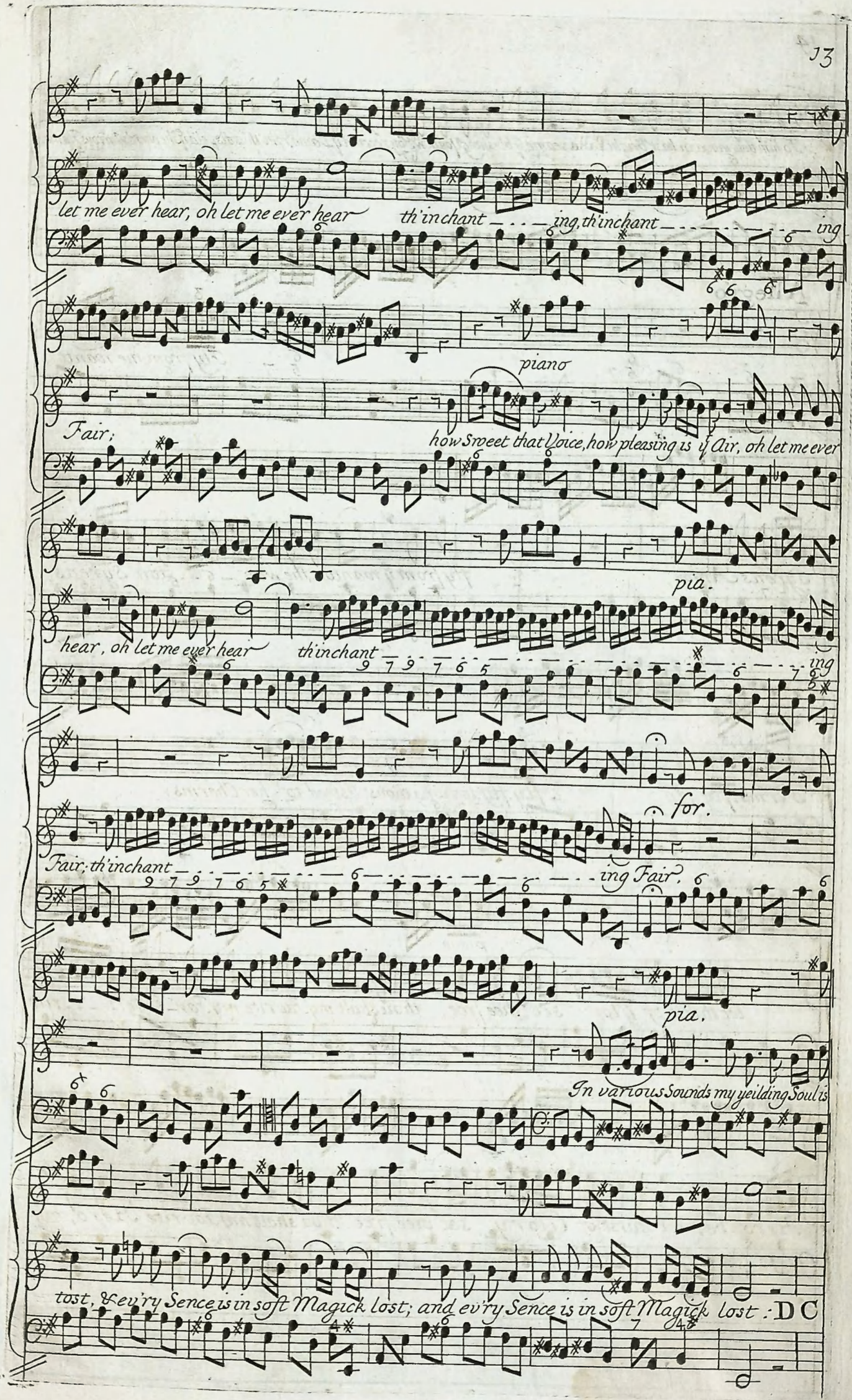
can Harmonious numbers Wound;

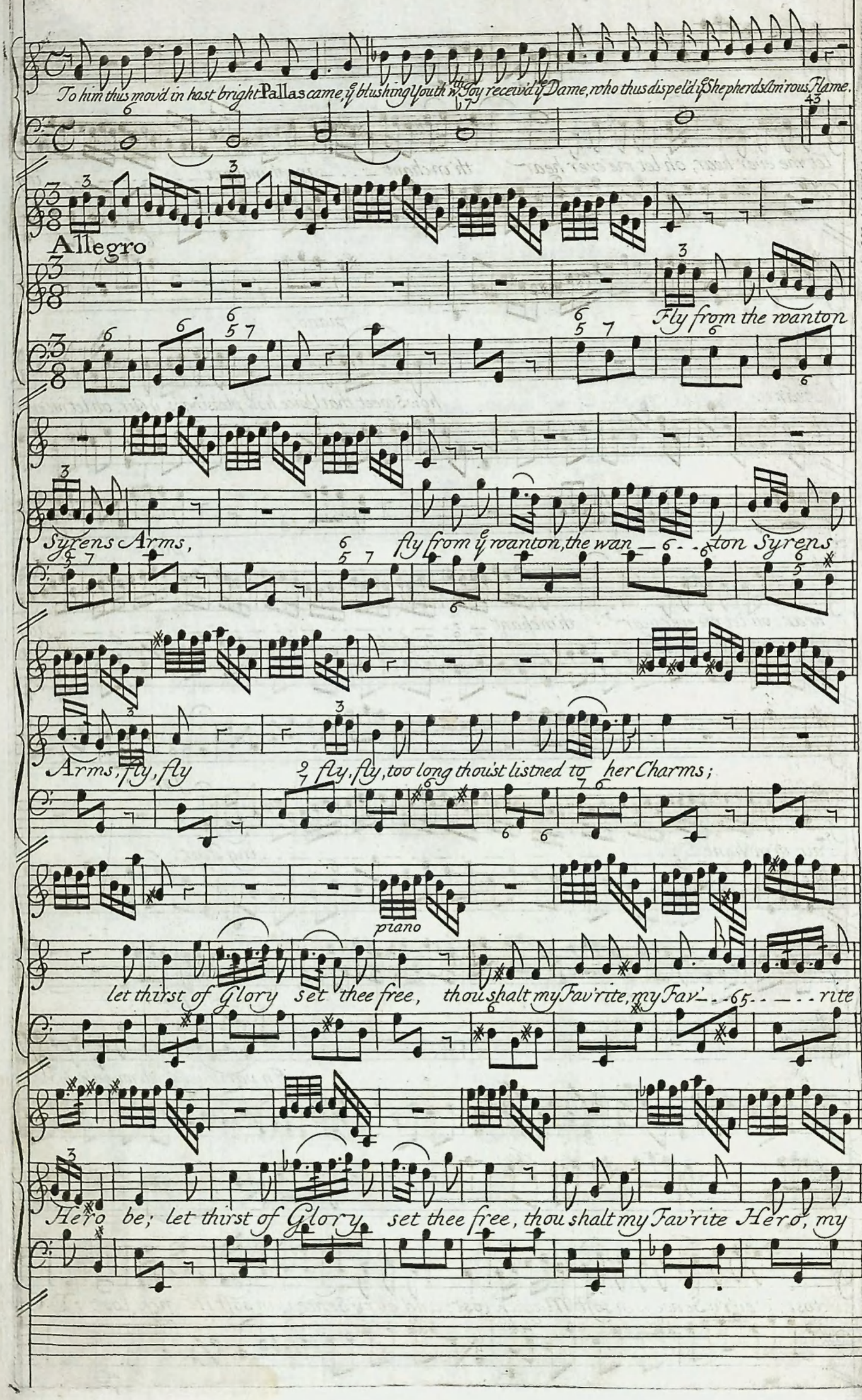
can Musick, can Har-

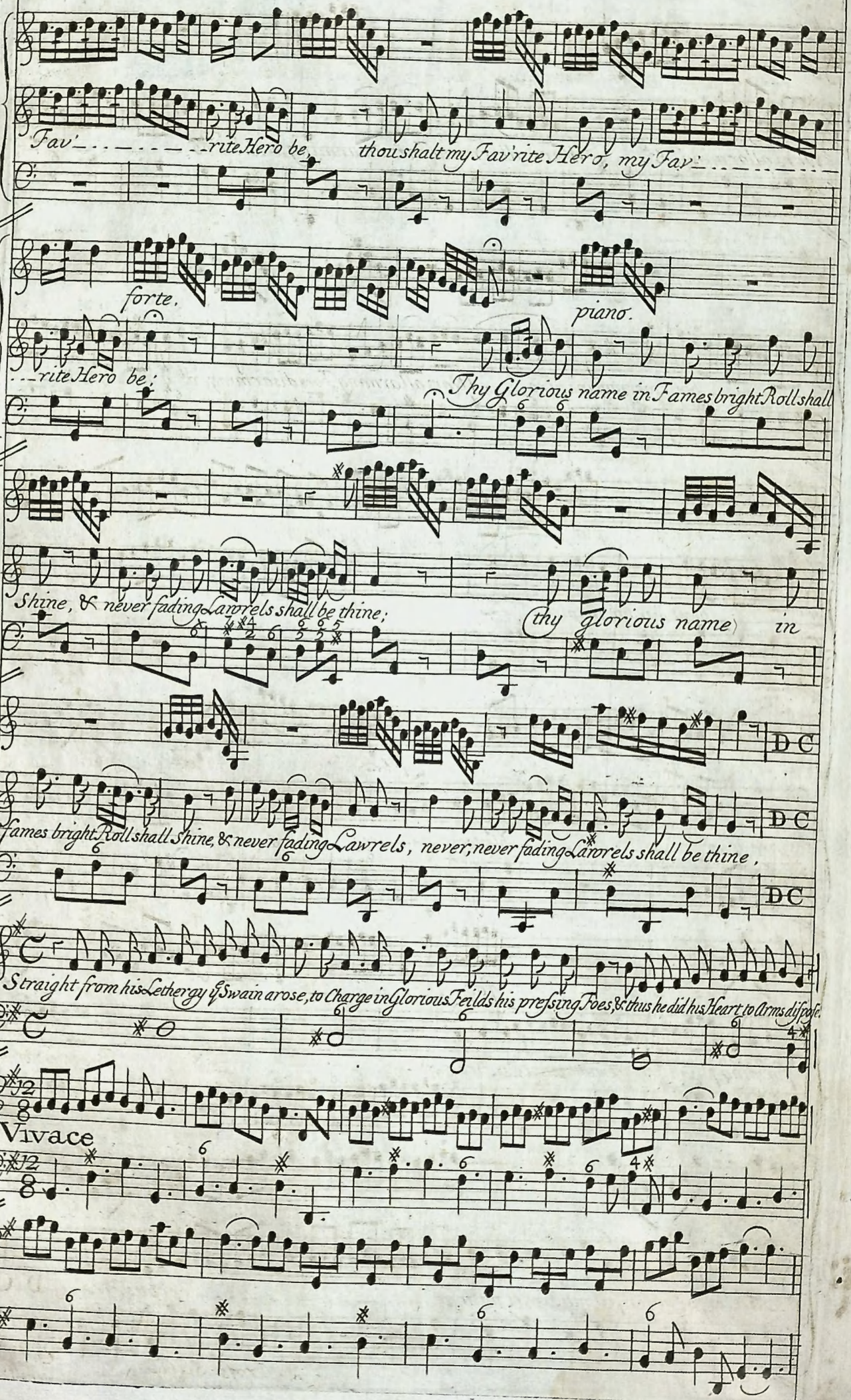
-monious numbers Wound, & are there Darts, are there darts in tune — full, in tune —

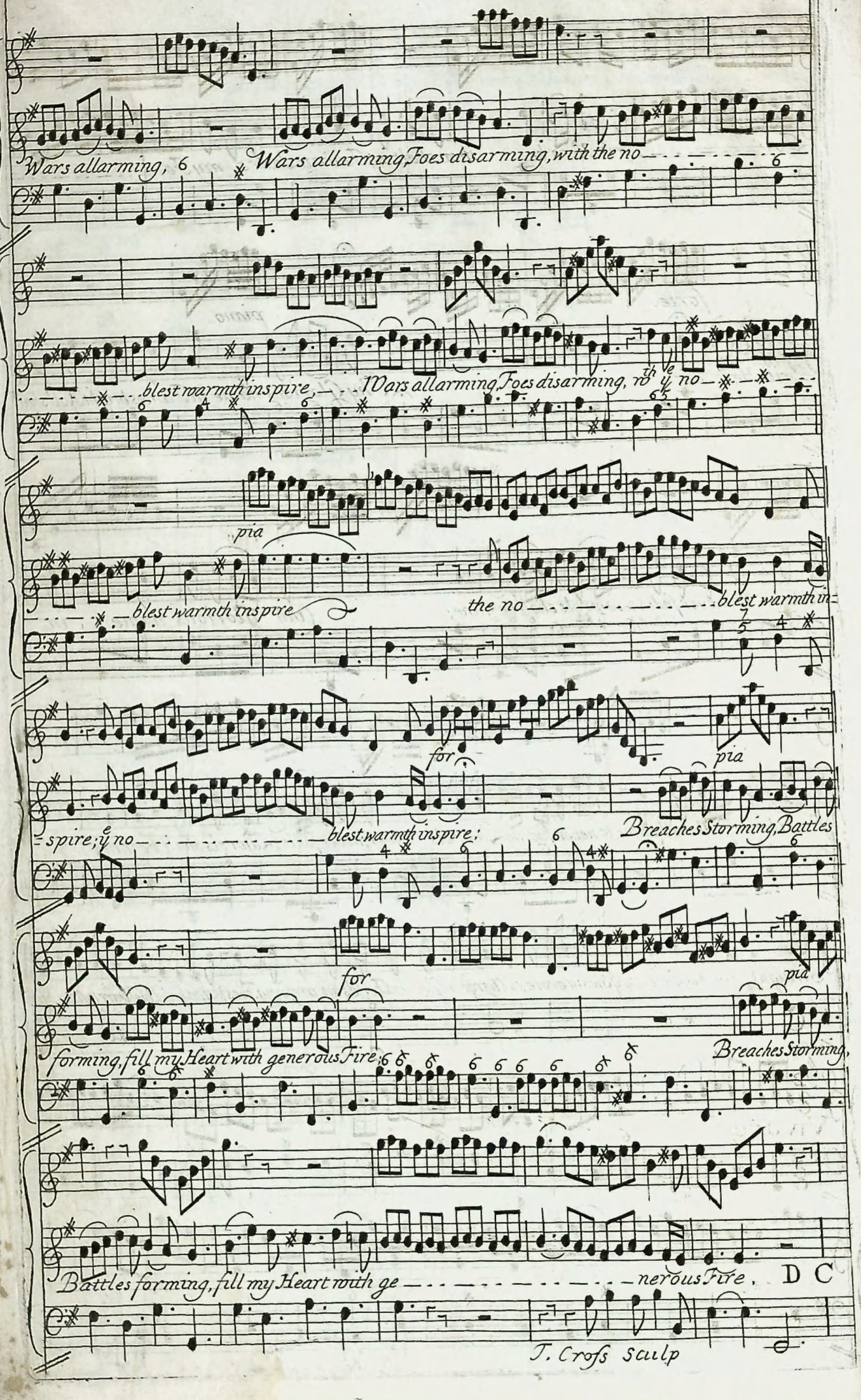
— full accents found;

how Sweet ye Voice, how pleasing is ye Air, oh


let me ever hear, oh let me ever hear
th'inchant ing, th'inchant ing
piano
Fair;
how Sweet that Voice, how pleasing is y Air, oh let me ever
pia.
hear, oh let me ever hear
th'inchant ing
for.
Fair; th'inchant ing Fair.
pia.
In various Sounds my yeilding Soul is
tost, & ev'ry Sence is in soft Magick lost; and ev'ry Sence is in soft Magick lost: D C


To him thus movd in hast bright Pallas came, & blushing Youth with Joy receivd ye Dame, who thus dispeld ye Shepherds am'rous Flame.
Allegro
Fly from the wanton
Syrens Arms,
fly from ye wanton, the wan — ton Syrens
Arms, fly, fly
fly, fly, too long thou'st listned to her Charms;
piano
let thirst of Glory set thee free, thou shalt my Fav'rite, my Fav' — rite
Hero be; let thirst of Glory set thee free, thou shalt my Fav'rite Hero, my


Fav'rite Hero be, thou shalt my Fav'rite Hero, my Fav'rite Hero be;
forte.
piano.
Thy Glorious name in Fames bright Roll shall
Shine, & never fading Lawrels shall be thine;
(thy glorious name) in
D C
fames bright Roll shall Shine, & never fading Lawrels, never, never fading Lawrels shall be thine,
D C
Straight from his Lethergy if Swain arose, to Charge in Glorious Feilds his presing Foes, & thus he did his Heart to Arms dispose.
Vivace


Wars allarming,
Wars allarming, Foes disarming, with the no
blest warmth inspire,
Wars allarming, Foes disarming, with the no
pia
blest warmth inspire
the no
blest warmth in
for
pia
spire; the no
blest warmth inspire;
Breaches Storming, Battles
for
pia
forming, fill my Heart with generous Fire;
Breaches Storming,
Battles forming, fill my Heart with ge
nerous Fire.
D C
T. Cross Sculp